THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 26, 1802.

Levity the national Characteriſtic of the French.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

THAT levity and volatile character, with which the French nation has been ſo often reproached, has tended in the preſent day to render life ſupportable to the thouſands of that nation, who have been ſcattered over the kingdoms of Europe. Stripped of their paternal eſtates, driven for refuge to a foreign land, and often reduced to the laſt ſtage of poverty, many of the French nobility have applied themſelves to earn a livelihood by means honeſt and commendable, but which would have appeared more terrible than the loſs of exiſtence to the haughty ſpirit of an Engliſh peer. To be able to conform the mind to the viciſſitudes of fortune, and yet ſtill retain chearfulneſs of temper, is ſurely the greateſt happineſs of man, whether derived from conſtitution or philoſophy.

But the chearfulneſs of a Frenchman is by no means of that ſerene and philoſophic kind, which receives the good and bad things of fortune with an uninterrupted ſmile. Trifles reduce him to deſpondency; but this gloomy moment is ſhort, for trifles have an equal power of again elevating him to tranſport. He is almoſt always chearful, becauſe the gay nothings that continually dance around him can raiſe his ſpirits, as well as the ſolid materials of happineſs.

An anecdote very characteriſtic of this diſpoſition, occurred a few years ago at the houſe of a gentleman in the northern parts of this kingdom,——Monſieur de la T. the repreſentative of an ancient family in Brittany, had attended the French princes on their emigration from France, at the commencement of the revolution. His eſtates were in conſequence early confiſcated;

and his exile was imbittered by hearing of the calamities of his family, ſeveral of whom fell victims to the guillotine. Monſieur de la T. attached himſelf to the Prince of Condé's army, and was engaged in ſeveral warm but undeciſive actions on the French frontier. Chagrined at laſt with the hardſhips and fatigues of a fruitleſs conteſt, where valour had no proſpect of ſeeing its efforts crowned with ſucceſs, and where a precarious pay ſcarcely afforded him the means of ſubſiſtence, the Comte de la T. at length left the army, and ſought an aſylum in England, which had already afforded liberal protection to ſo many of his countrymen.

Finding London already overſtocked with his deſtitute countrymen, he reſolved to make a tour of the iſland: and for that purpoſe, procured letters of introduction to ſeveral gentlemen in various parts of the country. After having made a long journey one day on foot, in very deep roads, and during an inclement ſeaſon, he arrived in the evening at the houſe of a gentleman, to whom he carried a letter of introduction. The gentleman received him with that cordial hoſpitality, which is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a Britiſh country gentleman. M. de la T's hoſt happened that evening to have a party at his houſe; and finding his new gueſt in deſhabille, he carried him to his wardrobe, and provided him with dry clothes and ſhoes. The kind reception he met with from the gentleman and his friends, ſoon made the Frenchman forget the fatigues and hardſhips of the day, and break forth into his natural vivacity and good-humour. After dinner, when the company were all collected in the drawing-room, the comte began to gratify their curioſity by a recital of his adventures. He dwelt on his former affluence, his loyalty to his king, the miſeries he had undergone during exile, and the many dangers he had eſcaped.

His narration was interſperſed with ſeveral intereſting anecdotes of the unfortunate Louis during his confinement, and concluded with a pathetic deſcription of the ruin of his own family. Tears prevented him from proceeding: the whole company ſympathiſed with him. There was not a dry eye among his audience. One young lady quite overpowered by her emotions, retired to the further end of the room, and threw herſelf down on a chair by a harpſichord. Her fingers inſtinctively ſlid to the keys, and ſhe touched one of them ſlightly, as if to divert her agitation. It was the mere undeſigned impulſe of feeling. But no ſooner did the vibration reach the Frenchman's ears, than he ſtarted up, exclaiming—"Ah, Madame! me entreat you favour me wid de Scotch reel, me love de Scotch reel above all tings." The aſtoniſhed company were at a loſs whether to cry or laugh, when they ſaw their traveller, whoſe misfortunes ſtill wet their eyes, preparing in earneſt for the dance,

dance, by throwing off the ſhoes which his hoſt had given him, and which were too large to admit of proper agility in a caper!

M.

ANECDOTES *of* BONAPARTE.

THE unbounded aſcendency of this wonderful man over the minds of the French ſoldiers, was not ſo much owing to the ſplendour of his ſucceſſes, as his ſucceſſes were owing to that aſcendency. It was by a number of minute, yet powerful circumſtances, that he inſpired ſuch enthuſiaſtic confidence into his ſoldiers, that with him at their head they marched as it were to certain victory. Nothing could be better calculated than the following anecdote, to perſuade his army how high they ſtood in his eſtimation, and conſequently to increaſe their eſteem for him:—

A chaſſeur on horſeback had been ſent from Milan, with very urgent diſpatches for Bonaparte, who was then at Montebello. On his arrival, he found the general juſt mounting his horſe to go a hunting, and having preſented the diſpatches, waited an anſwer. This Bonaparte preſently gave him, at the ſame time adding, "Go, and, above all things, go with expedition." "General, (replied the chaſſeur,) I will make all the haſte in my power; but I have no longer a horſe to avail myſelf of his ſwiftneſs; my own horſe has fallen a ſacrifice to the haſte I made in coming with theſe diſpatches; he is at this moment ſtretched dead before your gate."—"Then (replied Bonaparte) 'tis only a horſe that you want; here, take mine." The aſtoniſhed chaſſeur made ſome difficulty of accepting this offer, till Bonaparte added, "You think this horſe too fine, too richly harneſſed; but take him, my comrade, nothing can be too magnificent for a French ſoldier." The chaſſeur then mounted the horſe, and rode back to Milan, ſounding forth the praiſes of his General, who thought nothing of too high a value to beſtow on the defenders of their country.

The following anecdote was hardly leſs calculated to attach the hearts of his ſoldiers to him:—During the night which preceded the long and bloody battle of Arcola, Bonaparte, fearing leſt the ſoldiers, overcome with fatigue, might neglect the ſecurity of the camp, diſguiſed himſelf in the uniform of a ſubaltern, and went to make a round of the watches. At one ſtation he found a ſentinel profoundly aſleep, with his head reſting on the but-end of his muſket. Bonaparte placed the ſentinel's head gently on the ground, and then taking up the muſket, kept watch on the poſt for two hours, till the guard approached to relieve the watch. The noiſe of their approach awaked the ſentinel; he ſtarted up, and to his amazement found a young

officer doing duty in his place: But how were his terrors and confuſion increaſed, when upon looking attentively at the officer, he recogniſed the features of the general in chief. "Bonaparte! (cried he wildly,) then I am undone!" "No, (replied Bonaparte, in a kindly accent,) take heart, my good fellow; after ſo much fatigue, a brave man may well be allowed to ſleep; but upon any other occaſion, chuſe your time with more diſcretion."

A TALE *of* WAR.

(Continued from Page 46.)

"I Had arrived in good health at Jamaica, and was in hopes to have eſcaped the diſtempers to which Europeans are commonly ſubject in their firſt reſidence in any of the Weſt India iſles. But the vexation I ſuffered by the two incidents, which I have mentioned to you, and perhaps an intemperate uſe of ſome of thoſe refreſhments, which we found in the greateſt abundance on ſhore, ſo affected both my mind and body, that I was ſoon ſeized with a fever. The firſt ſymptoms were extremely alarming, and I ſhould probably have ſunk under it, had it not been for the ſkill and humanity of the ſurgeon, and for the care of the ſerjeant, on whoſe account I had been before the court-martial, but to whoſe feelings I had ſince made ſuch atonement, that the worthy man ſeemed to have conceived a warm affection for me. Beſides, he thought that I had fallen into the fever, in conſequence of the anxiety and diſgrace of my trial; and ſaid, that if I ſhould die in this illneſs, he would never be able to forgive himſelf. At length, the criſis of my fever paſſed favourably; but I was for many weeks in a weak ſtate of convaleſcence. During my confinement from duty, after the fever had left me, I often reflected deeply on my ſituation, and on the means to make the beſt of it. I was deeply affected with the different kindneſſes I had experienced, and with the ſeverities and dangers to which I had imprudently expoſed myſelf. I began to think ſtill more and more, how poſſible it might be to make myſelf reſpected and beloved by careful propriety of manners and conduct, and by endeavours to diſtinguiſh myſelf in the diſcharge of my military duties. I cannot now expreſs how much my whole ſentiments and character were altered for the better, by what I had already obſerved and undergone ſince I ſailed from England.

"I was, ſoon after, of the number of ſome troops, which were ſent againſt a body of runaway-negroes, who occupied certain faſtneſſes in the interior parts of the iſland, from which they made frequent excurſions to plunder the plantations; deſtroying

ſtroying all the white people who fell in their way, and maſſacreing, with the moſt ſavage and ingenious cruelty, thoſe faithful negro ſlaves whom they could not ſeduce, either to run away with them to the woods, or, with the treachery of ſpies, to betray their maſters.

" This expedition was a perilous one. We had to make our way through foreſts impenetrable but by ſecret paths, which were known only to the runaways, and to one or two guides, on whoſe fidelity, though they undertook to conduct us, we might not confidently depend. The deſperadoes whom we went to attack, knew well by what ways we muſt approach. They lay in ambuſh in the ſituations the moſt favourable to their purpoſe; and from the midſt of thickets, and from behind trees, they diſcharged their ſhots upon us ſo ſkilfully, and ſo thick, that many had fallen before we could come near to the receſſes where we expected to find them in ſtrength. The ſtouteſt hearts among us were terrified; and had it not been, that the danger ſeemed even as great behind, as it was before us, we ſhould all, probably, have turned, and taken to flight. Still we went on, encouraged by our guides, whom we confined each between two of the ſoldiers, and threatened with death, at every new diſcharge which burſt from among the thickets.

" I had come out with a ſecret reſolution to brave every danger, and not to return without atchieving ſomething, which might give me diſtinction in the regiment. But amid the dangers which now environed us I muſt own that the reſolution was forgotten. I went on, becauſe the reſt continued to advance, but I felt myſelf, every moment, on the point of turning back. While I was in this mind, we had come, as our guides told us, within leſs than fifty yards of the principal retreat of the runaways. Turning my head at a ſudden ruſtling among the buſhes, I ſaw a muſket levelled directly againſt me, and a man in the act of diſcharging it. With a piſtol which hung from my girdle, I haſtened to fire. His ſhot anticipated mine. It cut away a part of my neckcloth, and even grazed on the ſkin. But, ere he could recover his piece after delivering his own fire, the perſon in ambuſh was more ſeriouſly wounded by mine, and we partly heard, and partly ſaw him fall. The guides had ſeen him as he fell. " It is the chief!" cried they. A volley of ſhots were, the ſame moment, diſcharged upon us from behind the ſurrounding trees. Our ſoldiers fired in return, and ruſhed forward. Within a few moments, we found ourſelves in poſſeſſion of the ſtrength againſt which our march was directed. The dying chief was, in the mean time, ſeized by our ſoldiers, and carried thither. He was in his laſt agonies, and too haughtily ſullen to make any anſwer to our enquiries. Their ſtores of proviſions and ammunition were now our's; and we found alſo their women and children, who gave us information, by which

which we were enabled in the courſe of that, and the following day, almoſt to exterminate the whole party of runaways, without loſing above two or three more out of our own number. On the third day, we returned in triumph; and as the ſucceſs was judged to have been, in a great meaſure, owing to the fall of the chief by my hand, I was honoured, as if that which was to me the effect of accident, had been atchieved by my extraordinary courage and preſence of mind. My colonel (next day) preſented me with a lieutenancy, and gave me the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of his future friendſhip, if I ſhould continue to deſerve it. What was more, I had from that time the eſteem of all my brother officers, and the reſpect and good-will of the ſoldiers.

"By this good fortune, I was exceedingly confirmed in every good reſolution, and animated in every generous hope which I had before conceived. I flattered myſelf, that full ſucceſs was now within my power; and looked on myſelf as one that had honour and character to prize and preſerve. My whole conduct took a new turn; I became inceſſantly bent on improvement. I may, in truth, affirm, that I was ſoon far from being unworthy of the promotion I had gained. There is ſomething in an officer's authority on the one hand, and in his ſubjection to implicit obedience on the other, which tends admirably to form him to a dignified propriety of conduct, without ſuffering him to become overbearing; and of this, I now began to have, for the regulation of my behaviour, the greateſt advantage.

"We were, ſoon afterward, ordered to North America. During the war which ended in the peace of 1747, I was conſtantly on ſervice in that country, and often in enterprizes againſt the Indians. Our ſucceſs was various. Our numbers were thinned, and again recruited. I continued in high favour with my colonel; and was advanced, in reward for ſome ſmall ſervices, which it was again my fortune to perform, to the rank of captain.

"In the year 1749, I returned to England with my colonel, and a part of the regiment. My worthy patron was, ſoon after, promoted to the rank of major-general. But he found a dearer gratification, in again embracing a wife whom he loved, and the youngeſt of two daughters, whom, when he went abroad, he had left under her care. The eldeſt of his children had in his abſence died of a fever. His only brother was alſo dead; and dying unmarried, had left the colonel heir to his eſtates, of which the rental was very conſiderable.

"The colonel was not only a good man, a gallant and ſkilful officer, but he had an enthuſiaſm for his profeſſion, which taught him to regard it, as of all ſchools the beſt for forming good and great men, and made him ſtill cheriſh in his own breaſt the moſt paſſionate deſire to attain, not ſo much its moſt ſplendid honours and emoluments, as its moſt conſummate excellence in qualities

and habits. He loved me, becauſe he did me the honour of believing, that I had caught a portion of the ſame ſpirit. After our return to England, he did not coldly ſlight my further intimate acquaintance, but delighted to make me his frequent companion, and introduced me to his family as a young officer, whoſe merit had engaged his warmeſt eſteem.

" His only child was then in the ſeventeenth year of her age; and ſeemed the loveliеſt female form I had ever beheld. With my gratitude and reſpect for the father, it was impoſſible not to admire ſuch a daughter with an enthuſiaſm ſomewhat between adoration and love. He eaſily read in my eyes the ſentiments of my heart; but wiſhing to try my honour, took for ſome time no notice of what he thus obſerved. I did not fail in the trial. I would have died ſooner than attempt, in ſuch an inequality of fortunes, to win the affections of her who was the only pride and hope of his family. His daughter would ſometimes, however, ſteal upon me looks of tenderneſs, from which a more preſumptuous admirer would not have been ſlow to infer that his love was already returned. I perſiſted, however, in that ſtruggle againſt paſſion, which honour, truth, and gratitude appeared to demand; and, miſtruſtful of my own fortitude, had reſolved to diſcontinue my viſits to the family. At length, that excellent man privately opened, his heart to me. He had obſerved, he ſaid, my growing affection for his daughter: it was what he from the firſt deſired; but he had wiſhed to make trial of my honour, in an inſtance, above all others, the moſt difficult; I had not diſappointed his wiſhes: no reward ſhould be wanting to me, which it was in his power to beſtow. " Yet," added he, " I will never be ſo much your enemy, as to wiſh you to deſert your military career for the ſake of your love. My daughter is very young; you are not old. Purſue your fortune in the army, till you ſhall attain the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and then ſhe ſhall be your's." My heart was full; I could make no reply. But I was from that day permitted to addreſs myſelf to the young lady as her lover, and all was ſettled as her father had preſcribed.

" War was not immediately renewed; but the peace was uncertain, and ſuſpicious. The regiment to which I belonged was not ordered abroad; but as it was not by lingering at home that I could hope to advance the intereſts either of my love or of my military ambition, I quickly obtained an exchange without loſs of rank, into a regiment that was going out among others to replace thoſe which had lately returned from North America. My parting with thoſe who were now the deareſt objects of my friendſhip and my love, was, on all ſides, tender; but ſhowed likewiſe, on all ſides, a tenderneſs duly ſuſtained by fortitude.

" My narrative lengthens in the telling beyond what I had imagined of it. That I may not, therefore, by wearying out your attention, loſe the object which I have in view, I will no longer

longer dilate into ſo minute a detail of particulars. We arrived in North America. For ſeveral years I was engaged chiefly in garriſon-duty. The war of 1756 broke out; and I was preſent in ſeveral of thoſe actions, by the final effect of which the Britiſh expelled the French from the American continent. One ſmall enterprize was ſucceſsfully conducted by me, as the principal commanding officer in it; and I was rewarded with promotion to the rank of major. I was, on a ſubſequent occaſion, made a lieutenant-colonel: and a very ſhort time before the end of the war I obtained a regiment. I have already mentioned how many reaſons I had to conduct myſelf ſtill better, during this period of active ſervice, than I had done at firſt. You will, I hope, excuſe the vanity of the obſervation, when I add, that, however my former promotions might be owing rather to chance than deſert, thoſe with which I was honoured in the courſe of this latter war were not acquired without the moſt earneſt endeavours on my part to deſerve them.

"About the end of the war, I returned to England. My old friend and patron had ſerved with great reputation, during the war, in ſeveral expeditions; but was now in a very declining ſtate of health. My miſtreſs had with unſhaken conſtancy awaited my return; and though far advanced in her twenty-ninth year, was ſtill in the freſh bloom of virgin beauty. Her father joyfully gave her to my wiſhes. The day of our marriage ſeemed to crown the good fortune of my military life.

"Still, however, my beſt friend could not endure the idea of my relinquiſhing, even for a time, the active purſuit of the proper objects of my profeſſion as a ſoldier. My own habits and deſires concurred with his. Nor was it his daughter's wiſh to withdraw her huſband to a life of pitiful idleneſs. My deſire to remain in active employment was ſignified to the miniſter; and I was appointed to a provincial government in our American poſſeſſions. My wife accompanied me to my government. For nearly twelve years have I reſided there in the diſcharge of the duties confided to me. My union with a woman ſo amiable has been bleſſed with a boy and three girls. Till the unhappy diſſenſions broke out between the colonies and the mother country, I was ſufficiently fortunate to manage the affairs of my government in a manner equally agreeable to the inhabitants of the province, and ſatisfactory to the ſovereign whom I repreſented. I have at laſt returned, when I could no longer maintain the authority of my king, and could not be ſafe without forfeiting my loyalty. My excellent father-in-law is no more: and we have inherited his eſtate. If my ſervice ſhall be required in the preſent conteſt, I will without heſitation give it. Yet, I muſt own, that I ſhould have been much more pleaſed to fight in a quarrel with different foes.

" I have troubled you, Madam, you, my old friend, and you, gentlemen, with the narrative of which I am myſelf the hero, in the hope that it might more effectually than aught elſe I had to ſay, remove ſome prejudices which you appear to have conceived againſt the active exerciſe of the military profeſſion. A leſs promiſing youth than myſelf has rarely entered the army. It was by the particular circumſtances of my ſituation in the army that my character was gradually ameliorated. In my advancement, I had no advantages but thoſe of common fortune, and a very ſmall ſhare of merit. In what other profeſſion would I not have turned out worthleſs? In what other profeſſion could I have riſen ſo high, with ſo little intereſt? Nor are the chances of premature death ſo much more numerous as people commonly imagine, in the army, than in the fields of civil employment.—It is true, that the military profeſſion is not without bad characters, any more than the other profeſſions. But it poſſeſſes a large proportion, you will permit me to ſay, of the nobleſt characters which have ever adorned humanity. In almoſt every regimental meſs, you ſhall meet with a greater proportion of men of genuine, not falſe honour, of politeneſs the reſult of goodneſs of heart, and of enlarged intelligence formed by converſe with books, and practice in the world, than is to be found in the ſame number of gentlemen thrown accidentally together, in almoſt any other ſituation in life.

" Not that I would ſend a young man into the army at all adventures; but, if he has a predilection for the military profeſſion, why ſhould that be violently reſiſted?"

The general's advice prevailed, and I was allowed to be o me a ſoldier.

Rules for foretelling the Alteration of the Weather by the Barometer.

THE riſing of the mercury foretells in general fair weather, and its falling, foul weather,—as rain, ſnow, high winds, and ſtorms.

In very hot weather, eſpecially if the wind be ſouth, the fall of the mercury foreſhews thunder.

In winter, the riſing of the mercury portends froſt; and in froſty weather, if it falls three or four diviſions, there will follow a thaw; but if it riſes in a continued froſt, it generally foretells ſnow.

When foul weather happens ſoon after the falling of the mercury, expect but little of it; and the ſame is obſerved if fair weather ſucceeds preſently after its riſe.

When the mercury continues to riſe for two or three days before the foul weather is over, then expect a continuance of fair weather to follow.

In fair weather, when the mercury falls much, and continues ſo for two or three days before rain comes, then expect a great deal of wet weather, and probably high winds.

After great ſtorms of wind, when the mercury has been very low, it generally riſes again very faſt; and Dr. Halley ſays, that he once obſerved it to riſe an inch and an half in leſs than ſix hours, after a long-continued ſtorm of ſouth-weſt wind.

The unſettled motion of the mercury denotes uncertain or changeable weather.

The words on the ſcale or plate (though they will in general agree with it) or the height of the mercury, do not indicate the weather ſo much as the motion up and down; to know, therefore, whether the mercury be actually riſing or falling, the following obſervations ſhould be attended to.

If the ſurface of the mercury be convex, it is then riſing.

If the ſurface be concave, it is then ſinking.

If the ſurface be plain, or rather a little convex, it may be conſidered as ſtationary.

The foregoing rules and obſervations are chiefly to be depended upon, but the undermentioned are not unworthy of notice.

The greateſt heights of the mercury are on eaſterly and north-eaſterly winds; and its loweſt ſtation on a ſoutherly or weſterly wind.

A continuation of fair weather, the wind being in the north and the mercury high on riſing, is never ſucceeded by rain, except the wind change into ſome point of the ſouth.

A continuance of rain from the ſouth is ſcarcely ever ſucceeded by ſettled fair weather, before the wind changes either to the weſt or a point of the north.

If the mercury falls when the wind is full ſouth, it is ſcarcely ever a failing ſign of rain.

If the weather is inclined to be cold, froſty, or foggy, the mercury riſes pretty high: but if about to be windy or tempeſtuous, it will then ſink very low, and as ſoon as the ſtorm is over, will riſe again apace.

About the time of the equinox when the days and nights are equal, if the mercury ſtands at 29, or rain, and it does not rain, that ſtation of it denotes that it will be very rainy till the following equinox; and on the contrary, if at the ſame time that the mercury ſtands at 30, or fair, it rains, it is a ſign that the weather will be dry till the next equinox.

Memoirs

Memoirs of Touſſaint, the Black General at St. Domingo.

THE celebrated Touſſaint Louverture was born in 1743, on an eſtate of the ci-devant Count de Noe, known by the name of the eſtate of Breda, about a league diſtant from the city of Cape Francois, in the department of the north, in St. Domingo. By birth a ſlave, he paſſed his youth in that condition, and was employed in tending flocks on the land where he was born.

The time which this employment left on his hands being conſiderable, the early activity of his mind inſpired him with a paſſion of improving it in the cultivation of his talents. He taught himſelf to read and write. The knowledge he then progreſſively attained raiſed him highly in the eſtimation of his fellow ſlaves, not leſs gratified than ſurpriſed to ſee one of their own condition liberate himſelf from the profound ignorance which ſeemed to be their inevitable fate.

Touſſaint Louverture, able to ſign his name and write tolerably, was advanced from the employment of a herdſman, and began to caſt his eye on ſituations of comparative reſpectability and profit. The report of his acquirements reached M. Bayou de Libertas, overſeer of the eſtate, who thenceforth reſolved to take him into his perſonal ſervice, and began by making him his coachman.

Touſſaint Louverture by his conduct won the eſteem of his new maſter; although cruel to the ſlaves under his command, this overſeer was extremely kind to Touſſaint, placed entire confidence in him, by degrees gave him charge of a number of ſlaves, and neglected nothing that might attach him to his intereſt.

In theſe circumſtances the revolution found Touſſaint. Far from taking any part in the movements that preceded the inſurrection of the negroes, he ſeemed determined to keep aloof from all the intrigue and violence of the times; and certain it is that hiſtory has not to reproach him with taking any ſhare in the maſſacres of the white people put to death in Auguſt, 1791. His ambition was not tempted even by his intimate connection with the chiefs of the inſurgent negroes, Bouckmant, Biaſſou, and Jean Francois (all three black ſlaves); nor could his particular friendſhip for Jean Francois at that period ſeduce him. The fidelity he had vowed to his maſter, and his gratitude, ſeemed to have been ſuperior to all the attractions of revenge and avarice, and often he was heard to utter imprecations on the heads of the authors of the diſaſtrous ſtate of the colony. This extraordinary conduct had drawn cloſer the ties of confidence and friendſhip between Touſſaint and his maſter. In the unhappy ſtate of the colony, delivered up to the cruel revenge of the negroes, Touſſaint was become doubly dear to the family of the overſeer.

They well knew his reſources—they underſtood what he might with eaſe undertake—they perceived the full extent of the influence that he might acquire over his fellow negroes, and the conſequences if he ſhould be tempted to abuſe his power—and they extremely admired his moderation and diſintereſtedneſs.

But the moderation of Touſſaint Louverture was entirely feigned—his conduct was the reſult of the calculations of the moſt profound hypocriſy, which for a while viewed only the uncertain iſſue of the enterpriſe. As ſoon as he ſaw its ſucceſs aſſured, and the favourable criſis of his affairs appeared to him to be arrived, he ſuddenly eſcaped from his maſter's houſe, and fled to the camp of Biaſſou. This chief of the inſurgents, happy to have one of ſo much talent and reputation for a companion of his atrocities, gave him the moſt cordial reception, and appointed him his ſecretary, or rather confidential adviſer and agent.

In this new office, in which ſo much ſcope was given to his genius, Touſſaint began to diſplay his military talent, and the real feature of his character. Biſſou ſent him on various expeditions, in which he accompliſhed the object of his employer, the horrible reſult of which is but too well known in Europe; and as the reward of his ſervice raiſed him to the rank of captain of his guards.

This happened at the period when jealouſy and conſequent diviſion aroſe among the black chiefs, and opened an eaſy career to ambition. Touſſaint Louverture, already diſdaining the ſecond rank, ſeized on this moment, and in concert with Jean Francois (the rival and perſonal enemy of Biaſſou) formed the deſign of deſtroying his benefactor, and uſurping his place.

One day as Biaſſou was aſleep in his tent, he was ſuddenly rouſed, and informed that his camp was inveſted by a body of 8000 blacks, and that Jean Francois advanced at the head of his cavalry to ſeize upon his perſon. Biaſſou ran to arms, commanded the general to be beat, and gave orders to the captain of his guards to poſt his troops for the defence of his perſon.

Touſſaint calmly executed the military movements that this extremity demanded; but inſtead of reſiſting the enemy he advanced to meet Jean Francois, and delivered his maſter to him without ſtriking a blow. The fate of Biaſſou was ſoon determined—he was depoſed from his rank of general of the inſurgents, and ſent priſoner to St. Auguſtin, in the interior of the iſland.

This negro chief (whoſe innumerable cruelties, if their hiſtory is ever given to the world, will excite the moſt extreme horror) died of grief, or rather with exceſſive rage, ſome time after his impriſonment at St. Auguſtin. As to Boukmant, after he had eſcaped from the vengeance of Biaſſou, he was defeated, and loſt his life in a battle which was fought near the Cape. His

head

head was placed on a pike planted in the middle of the Place d'Armes of the town, with the following inſcription attached to it:—"The head of Boukmant, leader of the inſurgents." Never perhaps did the head of a dead body preſerve ſo much expreſſion—the eyes were open, and ſeemed ſtill to glow with rage; it might almoſt be ſaid that he was about to give the ſignal of a maſſacre. He fell, after receiving a number of wounds from muſket-ſhots and bayonets, defending himſelf with great vigour to the laſt.

Touſſaint received as the recompenſe of his ſervices on this occaſion the command of a diviſion, with which he too faithfully followed the footſteps of the ferocious Biaſſou, till other events conducted him to a new ſcene of action.

The war which broke out in Europe between the French republic and the leading powers of the continent, had already extended its ravages to the colonies of the new world, the dependencies of the belligerent nations. At St. Domingo, the French that were faithful to the republic had to contend not only with the negroes who had raiſed the ſtandard of revolt, and with whom the royaliſts and the emigrants had aſſociated their intereſts, but alſo with the Engliſh, who harraſſed their coaſts, and the Spaniards, who had openly declared war againſt them.

In the beginning of the year 1793, the Spaniards, eager to reinforce themſelves with every alliance that declared itſelf the enemy of the French republic, invited to ſerve under their colours the negro inſurgents of St. Domingo. Jean Francois and Touſſaint Louverture readily accepted of the invitation, and the firſt was created lieutenant-general of the armies of the king of Spain, and Touſſaint raiſed to the rank of adjutant-general. Both of theſe men were clothed with the diſtinctive marks of their rank, and for the firſt time, black ſlaves were ſeen decked with ribbands, croſſes, and other emblems of high ſtation.

Jean Francois and Touſſaint Louverture now endeavoured to ſhew themſelves worthy of ſo many honours, by an unlimited devotion to the intereſts of the Spaniſh government. The war they made upon the French republicans was a war of cannibals. It was no uncommon thing for them to move with horror and diſguſt even thoſe whoſe inſtruments they were become, every Frenchman, of whatever colour he was, if he was in the ſervice of the republic, was certain, in falling into their hands, to find death in the midſt of unexampled tortures.—Surrounded with a crowd of prieſts and emigrants, whoſe counſels encreaſed their ferocity, theſe two negro chiefs believed themſelves charged with executing the vengeance of the altar and the throne. Their zeal was diſtinguiſhed by the moſt frightful of characters—fanaticiſms which murders without remorſe in the name of Heaven; and that extreme barbariſm for which the ſacred laws of nature, conſanguinity, and humanity have no reſtraint.

When

When the hiſtory of this war ſhall be written, before the eyes of the reader will be placed the horrible picture of men ſawn in two, or mutilated in every limb, or burnt over a ſlow fire, or hung by the feet to a tree and flayed alive!!! La Vendee alone offers ſome reſemblance of the war which for two years Touſſaint made on the republicans of the colony. It was in vain, during this time, that the commiſſaries of the French government at St. Domingo (Polverell and Santonax) endeavoured to lead him back to his duty to the mother country, in whoſe name they offered him, as well as to Jean Francois, peace, liberty, and protection. Theſe offers were anſwered by new and greater acts of atrocity. Touſſaint, thinking proper to ſtate the motives of his conduct, wrote with his own hand to the commiſſaries a letter dated the 28th of Auguſt, 1793, in which are theſe remarkable expreſſions:

"We cannot obey the will of the nation, becauſe we have been accuſtomed to execute that only of a king. The king of France is loſt to us, but we are honoured with marks of diſtinction and favour from the king of Spain. For theſe reaſons we cannot acknowledge you commiſſaries of the French nation till you have placed a king on the throne."

This letter was dictated by a Spaniſh prieſt, curate of Laxacon, who then had the title of confeſſor to Touſſaint Louverture. A little before that time this negro chief had addreſſed a proclamation to his brethren at Cape Francois, dictated in the ſame ſpirit. It was dated June 25th, 1793.

The victories and ſucceſs of the French republic began to diſguſt Spain with the confederacy. Touſſaint foreſaw the end of his employment in the Spaniſh ſervice, and perhaps apprehended that he ſhould be made a ſacrifice at the peace between France and Spain; he therefore prepared to change his party, and his new treachery was accompanied with circumſtances of horror. When he had joined the Spaniards he preſented himſelf with his hands ſtained in republican blood: to efface the remembrance of this, if poſſible, he reſolved, on returning to the republicans, to offer the ſame trophy, and to ſacrifice to them the blood of Spaniards as an atonement!

(To be continued.)

Curious Circumſtances in Natural Hiſtory.

AMONG the animals of the Iſle of France, is one of a very ſingular nature called the great bat of Madagaſcar. It is about a foot in length, from its poſterior extremity to its beak, and its wings ſtretch to about four feet; it has long canine teeth, conſiſting of four in the upper, and as many in the lower jaw.

Its muzzle is black and ſharp; its ears large and bare; its talons are hooked, large and compreſſed; it has no tail.

Theſe bats are of different colours, ſome of a bright red, others brown, and ſome are almoſt black. They reſemble the common bat in their interior conformation, the ſhape of their wings, and the manner of ſpreading them when they fly. When theſe animals repoſe, they cling to the tops of the higheſt trees, and hang with their heads downwards. At other times they fix themſelves upon animals, and even repoſe upon man himſelf. They feed indifferently on fruit, fleſh, and inſects. They are ſo fond of the juice of the palm tree, that they ſometimes intoxicate themſelves with it, ſo as to fall to the ground. Their horrid ſhrieks are heard, during the night, in the foreſts, at the diſtance of two miles, but they retire at the approach of day. Nothing is ſafe from the ravages of theſe deſtructive creatures; they equally deſtroy the wild and domeſtic birds, whenever they have an opportunity, and they will ſometime attack the human kind, by ſeizing and tearing the viſage. It is probable that the ancients borrowed their ideas of the harpies from theſe terrible animals. The Indians conſider them as a palatable article of food, particularly in certain ſeaſons of the year, when they are full of fat: and even ſome of the French people, both in this iſland and the Iſle of Bourbon, have brought themſelves in this particular to follow the Indian example. The negroes, however, hold them in the greateſt horror; and no conſideration whatever could induce them to have any other concern with theſe noxious creatures, but to deſtroy them; for which they employ uncommon dexterity. It has often happened that perſons have been attacked whilſt aſleep, and bled to death by them, as they are powerful and ſubtle blood-ſuckers; ſo that it is really dangerous to ſlumber in open air, or to let them enter into a houſe during the night.

A circumſtance rather extraordinary happened at Sturry not long ſince, which proves that the apparent antipathy between dogs and cats is not an inſtinctive principle. A beagle bitch, belonging to Mr. E. Dell, had the care of one puppy, which could juſt waddle about the kennel. This kennel was divided into two apartments, with an entrance at each gable end, in one of which a cat, who was expected to kitten every hour, was confined for the night, to prevent her from ſtraying away. A board was nailed over the entrance, but, in the morning, the cat's encloſure was found open, and poor grimalkin ſitting in the yard, apparently delivered of her burden; but her young ones were ſought for in vain! About eleven o'clock madam dropt another bantling in the yard, when the bitch, who happened to be near, took it up in her mouth, and carried it among ſome ſtraw that lay in the ſtable; ſhe was followed, when, lo! five more kittens were found in the ſtraw, in the act of ſucking the beagle. She

was

was repeatedly called away from the kittens, but as often returned and appeared as fond of them as if they had been of the canine ſpecies.

Mr. Brera, in Italy, has recently aſcertained by a variety of experiments, that medical remedies incapable of being taken in by the ſtomach, may be, with great advantage, applied by friction over the ſkin, ſo as to affect the whole vital ſyſtem in the manner deſired.

It is a curious fact in the hiſtory of metals, that lead was, in the reign of Auguſtus, juſt about 24 times as dear in Rome, as it is now in London. Tin, more plentiful, on account of the vicinity of the Britiſh tin mines, was then only eight times as dear in Rome, as it is now in London.

Mr. Gmelin has lately analyſed the beryl-ſtone; and has found it to contain 54 parts of ſelex, 24 of alumia, 15 of glucin, 1.5 of oxide of iron, two of water, beſides 19,28 which were loſt without account, in the analyſis.

Dr. Barton, a phyſician of great eminence in America, has proved, by a variety of facts, that the motions of birds, which have been attributed to a faſcinating power, in the eyes of ſerpents are in reality calculated to drive away the reptiles from the bird's young, or to divert their attention from the neſt.—He obſerves that the rattle-ſnake does not climb up trees; but the black ſnake, and ſome other ſpecies of the "genus coluber," do. When impelled by hunger, and incapable of ſatisfying it by the capture of animals on the ground, they begin to glide up trees or buſhes, upon which a bird has its neſt. The bird is not ignorant of the ſerpent's object. She leaves her neſt, whether it contains eggs or young ones, and endeavours to oppoſe the reptile's progreſs. In doing this ſhe is actuated by the ſtrength of her inſtinctive attachment. Her cry is melancholy, her motions are tremulous. She expoſes herſelf to the moſt imminent danger. Sometimes ſhe approaches ſo near the reptile, that he ſeizes her as his prey. But this is far from being univerſally the caſe, often ſhe compels the ſerpent to leave the tree, and then returns to her neſt. It is commonly believed that the rattle-ſnake is a very hardy animal; but this is not the caſe. A very ſmall ſtroke on any part of its body diſables it from running at all; and the ſlighteſt ſtroke upon the top of the head is followed by inſtant death. The ſkull-bone is remarkably thin and brittle; ſo much ſo, that it is thought a ſtroke from the wing of a thruſh or robin would be ſufficient to break it, and indeed ſome of the ſmaller birds kill and prey on it.

On SINGULARITY.

THE affectation of ſingularity, ſo far from being a concomitant of real genius, is a certain proof of a confined and little mind.

A HINT.

THE round of diverſions, in which a great part of the gay and faſhionable world run from one object to another, in reſtleſs expectation of what they ſeldom or never find, leaves no after-taſte that ſatisfies the heart, no ſolid proviſion for true and permanent ſelf-enjoyment, nothing that riſes in pleaſing and grateful remembrance in the hour of ſolitude and reflection, nothing that reſembles the ſoul's "calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy," which are the prize of virtue.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHAT is now called the New Ferry over the Severn may diſpute antiquity with the Old Ferry. The former belonged, time immemorial, to the reſpectable family of St. Pierre, and was ſuppreſſed by Oliver Cromwell from the following occurrence:—The unfortunate King Charles I. being purſued by a ſtrong party of the enemy, rode through Shire Newton, and croſſed the Severn to Chiſell Pit, on the Glouceſterſhire ſide. The boat had ſcarcely returned, before a corps, of about ſixty republicans, followed him to the Black Rock, and inſtantly compelled the boatmen, with drawn ſwords, to ferry them acroſs. The boatmen, who were loyaliſts, left them on a reef, called the Engliſh Stones, which is ſeparated from the Glouceſterſhire ſhore by a lake fordable at low water; but as the tide, which had juſt turned, flowed in with great rapidity, they were all drowned in attempting to croſs. Cromwell, informed of this event, aboliſhed the ferry, and it was not renewed until 1748. The renewal occaſioned a law-ſuit between the family of St. Pierre and the Duke of Beaufort's guardians. In the courſe of the ſuit, depoſitions, taken before a commiſſion of chancery, held at Briſtol, went evidently to prove the undoubted right Mr. Lewis had to the ferry, and to confirm the above intereſting anecdote of the unfortunate king.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to the Carpenter's Enigma, inſerted March 22.

MULTIPLY the length, breadth, and height, of the room together, and extract the ſquare-root of the product, and the quantity of light thereby will be determined:

Thus $\sqrt{28\times17\times14}=81.63$ feet, the anſwer.—This may be conſidered as a general rule.

Anſwer, by W. Strong, of Exeter, to E. Penney's Charade, inſerted June 14.

RHINE-GRAVE, if I don't miſtake,
Is what you us'd your pen to make.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to Sally's Charade, inſerted June 7.

THE ſubject which you did propoſe
Is BED-TICK, on which you repoſe.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Juvenis, of Dorcheſter; Walter Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. H. near Bridport; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; and R. Maffett, of Saltaſh.

A REBUS, *by T. Adey, of Poole.*

A Fruit, ye gents. you'll firſt ſelect;
Two correſpondents next detect:
Theſe few initials will explain
A Jewiſh king who once did reign.

A REBUS, *by Robert Maffett, of Saltaſh.*

ONE of the feather'd tribe, ye wits acute;
Likewiſe a plant that hath a bulbous root;
A teſt of virtue will my next diſcover;
Then name a Saxon title too of honour;
A prognoſtic add: without diſpute,
My whole's a ſentence that lies mute.

A REBUS, *by Aſſiduus, of Dorcheſter.*

AN infernal judge muſt firſt be ſhown;
A ſhell fiſh next that is well known;
Likewiſe a fruit in gardens found;
Laſtly, an inſect under ground:
Join the initials right and true,
A city you will have in view.

An ENIGMA, *by Juvenis, of Dorcheſter.*

FROM that bleſt day my origin I claim,
When firſt the Goſpel own'd Jehovah's name;
When its bleſt precepts firſt appear'd on earth,
And godlike purity obtain'd its birth;
From my clear ſpring unbounded pleaſures flow,
I fill with joy the ſoul oppreſs'd with woe;
I ſhelter mis'ry 'neath my healing wing,
But fly from pride as from a viper's ſting;
Far more than this—I ſtretch my friendly aid
E'en to the bed where parting life is laid;
Tho' rack'd with pain, and panting hard for breath;
Diſſolving nature ſinking faſt in death,
Of grim deſpair the Chriſtian I beguile,
And fix on death's pale cheek a placid ſmile.

POETRY.

ODE *to* PEACE.

By Mr. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

HALT! ye legions; ſheathe your ſteel;
Blood grows precious; ſhed no more!
Ceaſe your toils; your wounds to heal,
Lo! beams of mercy reach the ſhore.
From realms of everlaſting light,
The favour'd gueſt of Heav'n is come:
Proſtrate your banners, at the ſight;
And bear the glorious tidings home!

The plunging corpſe, with half-cloſ'd eyes,
No more ſhall ſtain th' unconſcious brine:
Yon pendant gay, that ſtreaming flies,
Around its idle ſtaff ſhall twine.
Behold! along the ethereal ſky,
Her beams o'er conqu'ring navies ſpread.
"Peace! peace!" the leaping ſailors cry:
With ſhouts that might arouſe the dead!

Then, forth Britannia's thunder pours;
A vaſt, reiterated ſound!
From line to line the cannon roars,
And ſpreads the blazing joy around.
Return, ye brave! your country calls:
Return, return; your taſk is done!
While here the tear of tranſport falls;
To grace your laurels, nobly won!

Albion cliffs! from age to age,
That bear the roaring ſtorms of heav'n;
Did ever fiercer warfare rage?
Was ever peace more timely giv'n?
Wake! ſounds of joy; rouſe, gen'rous iſle;
Let ev'ry patriot boſom glow!
Beauty! reſume thy wonted ſmile;
And, poverty! thy chearful brow.

Boaſt, Britain! of thy glorious gueſts:
Peace, wealth, and commerce, all thine own!
Still on contented labour reſts
The baſis of a laſting throne.
Shout, poverty! 'tis Heav'n that ſaves:
Proteſted wealth! the chorus raiſe;
Ruler of War, of Winds, of Waves,
Accept a proſtrate nation's praiſe!

The TRAVELLER's HOME.

O'ER barren hills, and fertile dales,
At morning dawn, or cloſe of day,
By riſing Sol's bright golden beams,
Or penſive moonlight's ſilver grey;
Thro' verdant meads and flowery fields,
Where limpid rivers ſmoothly glide,

Or

Or o'er the bleak and rugged cliffs
That bound the ocean's foaming tide,
The traveller ſtill is forc'd to roam,
And wander from his native home.

When riſing ſpring its verdure yields,
Or ſummer's ſcorching ſuns aſſail,
When bounteous autumn decks the fields,
Or winter's dreary blaſt prevail—
Alike indifferent to his mind
The varying ſeaſons of the year,
Who, lonely wandering leaves behind
A wife belov'd, and children dear:
What tho' o'er half the world he roam,
His heart muſt ever be at home.

While contemplation ſmooths his way,
As paſſing o'er the mountain's brow,
He, ſtops, delighted, to ſurvey
The wide extended vale below;
The farm, the cot, the dome, the ſpire,
The winding river glaſſy bright,
Extenſive lawns and ſhady bowers,
To give the ſons of wealth delight:
But farm, or cot, or ſtately dome,
Alas! afford not him a home.

O'er fenceleſs moors and traceleſs ground,
At cloſe of winter's gloomy day,
With ſtorms and darkneſs gathering round,
He ſeeks his ſolitary way,
Till glimmering lights beſpeak him nigh
Some long and anxious look'd-for town,
Where hoſts, to catch the traveller's eye,
Hang out an angel, king, or crown,
To ſhew where thoſe who that way come
May find a temporary home.

Here by the cheerful parlour fire,
A few from various parts are met,
Around the feſtive board at eve,
The troubles of the day forget;
And while with ſocial mirth and glee,
As briſkly moves the ſparkling glaſs,
Each, as a toaſt, is proud to name
Some valued friend, or favourite laſs:
From nymph to nymph his tongue will roam—
But drink to her he left at home.

So thro' life's ſhort and buſy day,
Whether with fortune's ſunſhine crown'd,
Or doom'd to trudge his dreary way,
With ſtorms and tempeſts threatening round,
He labours toward his journey's end,
Cheerful thro' every buſtling ſcene,
And, age advancing, hopes to ſpend
The evening of life's day ſerene:
Life's journey o'er, the ſilent tomb
Affords at laſt a peaceful home.

EPITAPH *on an* INFANT.—*By Mr.* COLERIDGE.

ERE ſin could blight, or ſorrow fade,
Death came, with friendly care;
The op'ning bud to Heav'n convey'd,
And bade it bloſſom there!